

THE
COMPLETE POEMS
OF
MELEAGER *of* GADARA
F. A. WRIGHT

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK
BY
F. A. WRIGHT.



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To
F. R.

O et Præsidium

PREFACE

To fix a beginning and an end for Greek poetry is a task almost as difficult as to say where the Thames begins and where it ceases to be a river. But if a definite boundary line is to be drawn for both these great streams, then certainly Meleager will correspond to the last quiet reaches above Lechlade. There are Byzantine brooks and rivulets—Rufinus, Agathias, and Paul the Silentiary; there are those lonely upland pools which we call Nonnus and Quintus Smyrnaeus; but with Meleager the main stream of song ends.

Yet while he is an end he is also a beginning, the first of modern as he is the last of ancient poets: Born in Syria towards the end of the second century B.C., and living to an advanced old age, he saw the final crumbling away of the old Greek State system and the rise and establishment of a world empire. He is a Greek, but he does not look on life after the fashion of Aeschylus and Sophocles. For him it is the individual and not the State that matters, and the sorrows of his own heart are more important than the fall of nations. He is one of the first begetters of romance; women and flowers are the chief subject of his verse, and with Herrick he might say:

I sing of books, of blossoms, buds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;
I sing of maypoles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes.
I write of Youth, of Love.

The Roman elegiac poets and the English lyrists, Elizabethan and Caroline alike, all betray his influence, and it is not too much to claim that he, more than any other one man, turned the current of poetical imagination into its present channels. Moreover, to him, as the first editor of the Anthology, we are ultimately indebted for

the great collection of verse which approaches so much closer to modern feeling than any other volume in Greek.

Still, in spite of an eloquent appreciation by J. A. Symonds and a translation, afterwards withdrawn, by Walter Headlam of fifty of his poems, Meleager is comparatively unknown to English readers. There is a French prose version by Pierre Louys of a fairly large selection of his verse, an essay by Saint Beuve, and an excellent monograph by M. Ouvré. But full justice has not yet been done to his importance in the history of literature and thought. I have now attempted, I think for the first time, to translate into English all the genuine epigrams. Some few pieces commonly attributed to Meleager I discard, for the attributions of the Palatine MS. are notoriously unreliable, and these particular poems have already aroused the suspicion of scholars. Some few others doubtfully attributed to him I accept ; so that the final total, one hundred and thirty-one, corresponds to that which is generally received. They may be divided into three sections—Poems of Youth, Manhood, and Age, written respectively at Gadara, Tyre, and Cos, and it will be convenient here to follow the chronological order. The Spring Song I place first, for those differences in style and versification which in the Greek distinguish it from the other poems are best explained on the supposition that this was one of Meleager's earliest essays in verse. The poems written by Meleager to his youthful companions were composed at Gadara rather than at Tyre. They are the records of a series of passionate friendships, and although in our MSS. they form part of Straton's "Musa Puerilis," they have nothing in common with the coarse animalism of that collection. Meleager's Eros is not ours, and in his passion there is always something sensual. But if he never succeeds in detaching himself from material realities, he ennobles them by his fervent worship of beauty.

His university studies at Gadara ended, Meleager bade farewell to his youthful comrades and to his books, and embarked upon a life of pleasure at Tyre. Here in the company of his fellow poets—Antipater, Archias, and Philodemus—he spent all the middle years of his life, and here he wrote that series of love poems which are his chief title to fame. Aphrodite and Eros, the mother and son, are of all the gods to Meleager by far the most real. But Eros with him takes a double shape. In the poems of youth he is, in the slim adolescent such as the Athenians knew him, embodied in the statues of Praxiteles and Lysippus, the type to them of romantic beauty. In the poems of manhood Meleager follows the new conception of Eros as a laughing child which the Alexandrian poets of the third century first invented, a conception of no small importance both in the history of art and of morals. To this new creation of fancy, the baby Cupid that we see in the Pompeian frescoes, Meleager devotes a series of poems.

The beauty of the Lebanon coast lands was only matched in ancient times by the beauty of the Syrian women. The two influences together inspired Meleager to his most beautiful work, just as the country round “the village that men still call Tyre” inspired the sweetest singer of our own generation. At first Meleager was an universal lover, roaming like a bee from flower to flower. We see the first signs of true affection in the poems he addresses to Zenophila, although even this is an “amourette” rather than a grand passion. We are so familiar with love poetry, the sonnets made to a mistress’s eyebrows, that we are apt to forget its late appearance in the Greek literature from which all modern verse derives. A certain obscure author of the 4th century B.C., Antimachus of Colophon, is probably the first Greek who composed verses in honour of a woman, but his “Lyde” has now, except for small

fragments, disappeared. Asclepiades has left a few epigrams ; but Meleager is the poet to whom the Romans, and we after them, are most indebted. And of Meleager's love poems those written to Heliodora are the most beautiful and the most sincere.

Some time during the poet's manhood Heliodora died, and Meleager, leaving Tyre in grief, withdrew to the island of Cos, where he spent the later part of his life. Cos was the land of healing, love, and poetry, the birthplace of Asklepios, Philetos, and Aratos, and under the shelter of the great temple where the statue of Aphrodite was enshrined Meleager found peace. It was probably here that he wrote the lines for Heliodora's grave, and here, too, that he found the young girl Phanion, his " Beacon-fire," who was to be the light and comfort of his old age. In the Island of Cos, Meleager lived to an advanced old age. Most of his later years were doubtless spent in the compilation of the Anthology, and occasionally he would have to make a voyage to the great library at Alexandria. But we may imagine him generally as living quietly in the quiet island, and composing epitaphs and dedications for offerings made at the island shrine. And before his death he wrote for his own tomb the two epitaphs that are our chief source for the facts of his life.

It is difficult to say whether we owe more to Meleager as a poet or as a compiler. His poems, beautiful as they are, would seem of little value to a man, if there be such a one, who had no sympathy with love and lovers. But the Anthology, which was his final gift to mankind, is as universal in its range as life itself, and appeals to every interest. The making of literary collections is a well-known Alexandrian trait, and before Meleager a certain Polemon is said to have composed a corpus of poetical inscriptions arranged according to countries. But Meleager seems to have been the first man to conceive the idea of an anthology in the modern sense, a

collection of verse taken from the writings of his predecessors, and chosen because of their merits as literature. With judicious skill he confined himself to the epigram, a short piece of verse written in the elegiac metre on a definite subject, and does not quote from any poet who was actually his contemporary. With these two restrictions his range remains a very wide one, and his own taste would appear to be both catholic and generous. As the names in the poem show, he ranges from Sappho in the sixth century B.C. to Antipater of Sidon, who died about 100 B.C., and even if he is somewhat inclined to favour the Alexandrians he has still a full appreciation of such a typical Athenian as Simonides. But it is noticeable that in the epigram form no poet, not even Sappho or Callimachus, can equal Meleager himself, and the retention of the eight hundred lines of his which we still possess is the chief merit of the later editors of the Anthology. Otherwise the changes they introduced into Meleager's original collection seem to have been all for the worse. Meleager followed an alphabetical arrangement and so secured variety, the first essential in an anthology: our present collection is arranged rather tediously by subjects, with a tendency for poems by the same author to come together. Again, Meleager based his choice purely on literary grounds, and such stuff as the poems of Diogenes Laertius—in the opinion of Mr. W. R. Paton the worst verses ever published—and the tedious outpourings of St. Gregory would never have found a place with him. He is above all an artist, and the methods of his criticism, as revealed in the Proem, are a typical example of the difference between the scientific and the imaginative spirit.

I.

GADARA
POEMS OF YOUTH

The Spring Song.

Bright spring time smiles with flowery sheen,
Foul winter's winds have flown,
Dark earth is clothed in herbage green,
The leaves her fresh made gown.
The meadows laugh and drink the dew,
Each morn is bright with roses new.
Now goat herds flute upon the lea,
And with their younglings play ;
Unharm'd the ships sail on the sea
As zephyrs give them way.
With ivy leaves their hair men twine,
And sing the god who gave the vine.
The ox-born bees pursue their toil,
While with the wax they strive,
And labouring shape the golden spoil
In myriad chambered hive.
The swan his winter fastness leaves,
The swallow darts among the eaves.
Now woolly sheep together throng
And in their lambs rejoice ;
The wine god leads the dance and song,
Earth opens at spring's voice.
The halcyons skim the waves above,
And nightingales fill all the grove.
When trees with tender leaves are gay,
And sailors sail the seas ;
When shepherds pipe a roundelay,
And swarm the clustering bees ;
When every bird is on the wing,
Then how can poets help but sing ?

The Cricket.

O, cricket dear, beguile my pain
With music of the fields ;
Give me with thy shrill wing again
The comfort slumber yields.

Sing me a strain of passion sweet—
For nature made thee sing ;
A harp self-wrought with cunning feet
To strike thy tuneful wing.

O save me from this sleepless grief
And never resting care ;
Dear cricket, send for my relief
Some love-beguiling air.

And then I'll give thee, every dawn,
Fair groundsel fresh and new,
And moisten all thy tiny lawn
With fine sprayed drops of dew.

ANTH. PAL. vii. 195.

The Field Minstrel.

O tuneful cricket, drunk with drops of rain,
Whose rustic muse fills all the broad domain,
Perched on the highest spray you strike your lyre
With swarthy skin and legs of curving wire.
Come, little friend, and sing, that nymphs may hear,
And Pan in jest repeat your music clear ;
While I reclining 'neath the plane tree deep
Escaped from love will snatch my mid-day sleep.

A.P. vii. 196.

Cupid and Venus.

With maiden fires the torch of Venus burns,
Cupid the car of boyish passion turns.
Which shall I choose, the mother or the child,
The lady gracious or the stripling wild ?
The answer came : 'twas Love herself who spoke—
“ My son prevails ; even I accept his yoke.”

A.P. xii. 86.

Love's Voyage.

The Cyprian rules my barque,
Her son the tiller guides,
And with my heart for oar
The tossing waves divides.
Passion's fierce gales encompass me,
Sailing on young Love's open sea.

A.P. xii. 157.

A Second Shipwreck.

Help, comrades, help ! He's dragging me away,
Who have from sea to land returned this day.

A youthful mariner, Cupid to me shows
The torch of youth wherein bright beauty glows.

I follow foot by foot : I kiss the air,
And catch with eager lips the semblance fair.

Ah, shall I 'scape from sea, on earth to prove
More fierce than Ocean's storm the waves of Love.

A.P. xii. 84.

A Dream.

Last night I dreamed a dream—
Love to my bed a smiling form did bring,
That seemed with youth and beauty all a gleam.
It came to me and my arms welcoming :
Albeit 'twas in a dream.

I pray thee, dream, return—
I see that wingèd vision in my sleep,
My thoughts with phantoms of that beauty burn
My weary heart that memory still doth keep.
Wilt thou not soon return ?

A.P. xii. 125.

Dion.

No more shall Daphnis on the lonely leas
Be sung by goatherds' pipes goat Pan to please,
No more shall Phœbus' lyre resound the praise
Of tender Hyacinth with his virgin bays.
Daphnis and Hyacinth were erstwhile fair ;
To-day my Dion claims Love's crown to wear.

A.P. xii. 128.

Dositheus.

Again and then again I cry—

“ How fair, how fair is he.”

To my own words I make reply—

“ How fair, how fair to see ;

How gracious to my longing eye,

‘ God’s-gift ’ indeed to me.”

I did not grave his name on stone

Nor on the oak bark bare ;

I did not carve the pine tree lone

Standing in forest fair ;

But love has made my heart his throne,

And you will find him there.

A.P. xii. 130.

Andragathus.

“ The wind blows fair,” the sailors cried—
“ Fond lovers now must weep and part ! ”
They took my love across the tide
And with him half my heart.

Thrice happy waves, thrice lucky ships,
Andragathus on you doth rest.
The sea breeze now may touch his lips,
Wind beyond all things blest.

Oh would that on my shoulders borne
As dolphins took the bard of yore,
So now to Rhodes he might return
And see that smiling shore.

A.P. xii. 52.

Heniochus.

Wise words Persuasion's aid desire,
The Muses seek the sounding lyre,
And Love doth ever shine more fair
 When Heniochus is there.

A.P. v. 140.

Zoilus.

Love has his bow, his quiver, and his wings,
And passion's darts wherewith men's souls he stings ;
But if we know him by his rosy face,
Young Zoilus has all young Cupid's grace.
Put them beside together ; none could prove
Which is my Zoilus and which is Love.

A.P. xii. 76.

Aristagoras.

When first the fairies saw him
And all the charms he has,
In their soft arms they bore him,
Young Aristagoras.

And so to-day love's passion
Is kindled at his face ;
His eyes in silent fashion
Echo his tongue's sweet grace.

O come not near me, fairest—
Yet no : like Zeus on high,
Thou art able, if thou carest,
From far thy shafts to ply.

A.P. xii. 122.

Apollodotus.

Hast seen Apollodotus, friend ?

 The fairest lad of all,

Beyond compare, his beauty rare,

 Holds lovers' hearts in thrall.

Hast seen ? And did not Love's fierce fire

 Quick claim you for his own ?

If cold you stayed, then sure you're made

 Of angel stuff—or stone.

A.P. xii. 151.

Charidemus.

Fair Charidemus doth to Zeus aspire ;
Nor would I wish to stay his high desire.
Let him his nectar give the king above ;
I cannot be a rival to God's love.
But when from earth he rises to the sky
My tears shall go with him, love's memory,
To lave his feet ; the while he sweetly nods
And sends a fleeting kiss from 'midst the gods.
All else 'tis right his Lord should have—but I,
If so he will, may yet ambrosia try.

A.P. xii. 68.

Hicetas.

Ye traitor eyes like hunters keen
Your booty to secure,
Have you again a new prize seen
Beguiled by Love's soft lure !

So timid lambs a wolf might take,
So ash with hot fire glow,
So once a scorpion, men relate,
Was captured by a crow.

Do what you will. In vain your tears
In vain your plaintive cry.
As soon as Hicetas appears,
You base deserters fly.

Burn in his beauty : even now
With fire you waste away,
Young Cupid all too well doth know
A loving heart to flay.

Dorotheus.

Decide, ye Loves, if Dorotheus may
Abide on earth, or must to the skies away.
What man could claim such beauty as his right !
'Tis God's alone : 'gainst Zeus I may not fight.
But yet if mortals now may see the boy,
Tell me, ye Loves, to whom you grant that joy.
Plain comes their word : to me the prize is given.
Begone, poor fools, nor strive to reach my heaven.

A.P. xii. 66.

Theocles.

'Twas beauty's queen who gave me your soft charms,
When love, soft-sandalled, brought you to my arms.
You came a stranger to a stranger's land
And quick, Theocles, took me in Love's band.
But now to win your heart in vain I try,
For you refuse my prayers to satisfy.
Time is of no avail, my toil I waste,
And all the tokens of my passion chaste.
Have mercy, mercy, Lord ; for fate's decree
Has given you a god's own mastery.
On you, on you alone I all depend
To live in triumph or in death to end.

A.P. xii. 158.

Dionysius.

Fond lovers, ye who know
 The might of Cupid's fire,
Whose hearts do ever flow
 With sweetness of desire :
How bitter will that honey taste,
How all your soul those fires waste.

Come, help me, help I pray,
 My heart is all aflame ;
By fire consumed away
 Since Dionysius came.
Quick, water, water bring me now,
Fresh from the newly melted snow.

Too bold was I, I gazed
 On Dionysius' eyes,
Wherefrom a fire blazed
 And caught me as its prize.
O fellow slaves, the burning stay
Or else in fire I pass away.

Diodorus.

My love is tossed by changing seas
And buffeted by April storm ;
Now I am chilled by wintry breeze,
Now back in summer's radiance warm.
As from my Diodorus' eyes
Now sunshine laughs, now lightning flies.

Give me some sign that I may know
If Love or Hate shall guide my way ;
Whether on placid seas I go,
Or tossed by tempest blindly stray.
Give me a sign, that so my mind
May shipwreck make or haven find.

A.P. xii. 156.

Diophantus.

Once more poor heart begin
 To throb with mad desire ;
For Love has entered in
 And touched me with new fire.

With smiling lips he spoke—
 “ Poor Amoret, again
You’ll feel my pleasant stroke,
 And burn with honied pain.”

So Diophantus now,
 Like some young poplar tall,
Doth make my breast to glow
 And all my heart enthrall.

I look with loving eye,
 I look—and shrink away.
I have no strength to fly ;
 No strength, alas, to stay.

Sopolis and Cleobulus.

Dark is my Sopolis, Cleobulus fair ;
Yet both alike the crown of beauty wear.
Both hold my heart ; as colours dark and light,
Even in my garland and my name unite.

A.P. xii. 165.

Cleobulus.

When I am gone—and why now longer stay
A brand consumed by young Love cast away—
When I am gone, dear Cleobulus, pay
 One grace to my last breath.

With unmixed wine my urn's fierce thirst allay,
And ere you set it 'neath the ground, I pray,
Let these sad words my fate to men display—
 “ Here lies Love's gift to Death.”

A.P. xii. 74.

Alexis and Cleobulus.

Two things are sweet : honey with wine to blend,
And in one's youth to love a loving friend.
Such love Alexis Cleobulus gives,
For in their hearts the Cyprian's nectar lives.

A.P. xii. 164.

Alexis.

The bearded corn beside the way
Was ripe for summer's mowing,
As down the road that noontide day
I saw Alexis going.

A double fire burned my brain ;
The sun and love's hot fever.
The cool of night allayed one pain ;
The other haunts me ever.

In dreams I see Alexis' eyes.
The rays that from them darted
Kindle the fires that in me rise
The fires that they once started.

To others sleep brings peace and rest,
To me alone fierce passion.
Dreams of his beauty in my breast
A living furnace fashion.

Antiochus.

Strip Cupid of his wings and in their stead
Put cloak upon his shoulders, cap on head ;
Take off his bow and arrows ; then you'll deem
Cupid Antiochus, he will Cupid seem.

A.P. xii. 78.

Antiochus.

Antiochus is fair
 When with the lads he goes ;
His mouth like honey rare
 His cheeks a blushing rose.

One summer's day to ease
 My thirst I touched his lips,
And then the drought to allay
 That nectar I did sip.

Ah, 'twas a drink divine,
 Young Ganymede's own kiss.
The gods' immortal wine
 Is surely naught but this.

A.P. xii. 133.

Antiochus.

The Cyprian queen disowns her boy ;
For yesterday with us
She saw another fairer joy—
Our young Antiochus.

“ A new desire has come to birth ”—
She cried from heaven above—
“ Youth’s worship now below on earth,
A love surpassing Love.”

A.P. xii. 54.

Heracleitus.

Dear Heraclite, mine own,
A magnet thou must be :
As iron to the stone
So flies my soul to thee.

A.P. xii. 152.

Heracleitus.

Yes, Heracleitus once was fair
With rosy face and golden hair,
 But now his bloom is past.
Fate sends the down upon his cheeks ;
A warning against pride there speaks—
 “ Youth passes : Time flies fast.”

A.P. xii. 33.

Heracleitus and Diodorus.

His eyes the words for Heracleitus spoke—
“ My beauty kindles heaven’s lightning stroke.”
From Diodorus’ breast a whisper came—
“ My burning heart turns even stones to flame.”
What wonder then if I that breast desire,
If those bright eyes consume me with their fire !

A.P. xii. 63.

Damis.

Now the fair dawn has come, but at the gate
Young Damis sleepless mourns his cruel fate.
What little life within him yet remains
Is ebbing fast in passion's cruel pains.
Poor wretch, too near the radiant sun he came
And Heracleitus turned his heart to flame.
Beneath those eyes his spirit melted fast
Even as wax in blazing fires cast.
Nay, rouse thee, Damis : lift thy drooping head :
I too have known Love's wound ; I too those tears have
shed.

A.P. xii. 72.

Theron.

Gazing on thee, dear Theron, all I see :
For thou art all the universe to me.
When thou art gone, though all things else be there
My eyes see naught but darkness everywhere.

A.P. xii. 60.

Theron.

Not god himself would dare to say :

“ I think not Theron fair.”

O froward heart, learn wisdom's way

And for love's sake forbear.

“ Theron not lovely in thy sight ”—

Is that thy plighted word ?

Hast thou no fear of heaven's might

And swift descending sword ?

Lo, thou art caught. Indignant Fate

Will ne'er see Love denied :

Thou who didst once so proudly prate

Shalt warn men against pride.

A.P. xii. 141.

Myiscus.

On thee, Myiscus, now I all depend,
My days to live or end.
The bonds that hold me fast to life's dear shore
Without thee bind no more.
By those bright eyes that bid the deaf to hear,
By thy pure brow I swear ;
If sudden clouds obscure that visage bright
For me 'tis winter's night ;
But when a rosy smile dispels the gloom
Behold spring's radiant bloom.

A.P. vii. 159.

Myiscus.

Bright shines his beauty's grace,
His radiance blinds the sight,
Young Cupid made his face
To outshine the lightning bright.
Myiscus brings desire
To men from heaven above,
O may that burning fire
For me be flame of love.

A.P. xii. 110.

Myiscus.

The wind blows fierce, Myiscus, but to thee
Love softly weeping sends me o'er his sea,
Passion's high waves uplift me on their crest,
Do thou receive me to my haven's rest.

A.P. xii. 167.

Myiscus.

The Lads of Tyre, by Love I swear,
With their soft charm and beauty rare
 Surpass comparison.
But when Myiscus shows his face,
They fade before that radiant grace
 As stars before the sun.

A.P. xii. 59.

Myiscus.

In dear Myiscus' face the world I see
And he is all things beautiful to me,
My eager gaze on him alone is set,
The rest my eyes would willingly forget.
Is it that eyes, too, flatter and are blind
To all save that which charms the inner mind ?

A.P. xii. 106.

Myiscus.

Love saw Myiscus passing by
And followed quick with eager cry :—
“ My bow, my quiver I resign,
My winged arrows : all are thine.
Take e'en my wings ; but let me press
My lips to those lips' loveliness.”

A.P. xii. 100.

Myiscus.

Myiscus pierced my heart,
Untouched by Passion's yoke,
With eyes like Cupid's dart
And thus triumphant spoke—

“ Behold the fall of pride :
I tread beneath my feet
The brow that boldly tried
To reach Queen Wisdom's seat.”

Faintly I made reply :
“ Dear lad, what wonder, when
Love tamed great Zeus on high
And brought him down to men.”

A.P. xii. 101.

Myiscus.

Were Zeus himself to come
And carry thee away
To serve him in his home
E'en Zeus I'd disobey.

"Be not afraid," says he,
"I feel no envy now
Of thy Myiscus: see
All sufferers pity know."

Such are his words: but I
Am filled with jealous fears,
And if a fly goes by
I dread the god appears.

A P. xii. 70.

Myiscus.

If Ganymede was stol'n away
Nectar for Zeus to pour,
And now the god enjoys alway
His youthful flower ;

Then sure 'twere best for me to hide
Myiscus in my heart,
Lest he too ravished from my side
On wings depart.

A.P. xii. 65.

Myiscus.

Once I would laugh at lovesick swains,
Their tender griefs, their amorous pains,
 Their ever streaming eyes.
But now winged Love with pride elate
Brings me, Myiscus, to thy gate :
 “ Behold a virgin prize.”

A.P. vii. 23.

Cupid and Myiscus.

Look how he cries with piteous wail,
 Young Cupid, thief of hearts :
All loose his pinions' double sail,
 Cast down his bow and darts.

“ What, burnt by bold Myiscus eyes ? ”
 Ah yes, at last though late,
The pains we've borne, our tears and sighs,
 Will be your own hard fate.

A.P. xii. 144.

Myiscus.

My little Mouse—for e'en that name sounds sweet
When you, my own, are near,
One reason more with kisses soft to greet
The lad I love so dear.
Oh fair, yes, wholly fair on me you shine,
For 'tis Love's cunning way
The pains of passion fierce like bitter wine
With honey to allay.

A.P. xii. 154.

Farewell to the Country.

Farewell, ye vales, where once I loved to roam,
Farewell the pleasures of my mountain home.
No longer with the flocks, like goat-foot Pan,
Shall I remain 'mid fields untouched by man.
What joy to live now on these lonely hills ?
What solace there to find for all my ills ?
Daphnis is gone, who set my heart on fire :
Daphnis is gone : and quenched my heart's desire.
Let others hunt : the chase I now abhor,
What once was dear is dear to me no more.
From country clean and hillside I come down
To live a sojourner in the crowded town.

A.P. vii. 535.

Farewell to Youth.

Farewell my youthful loves—'tis vain
To cast the reckoning of loss and gain :
 Those pleasures fugitive
 I take not now nor give.
A fairer image fills my heart :
A love where boyhood's fancies have no part,
 Escaped from their strong hold
 I fly the loves of old.

A.P. v. 208.

II.

TYRE

POEMS OF MANHOOD

Renunciation.

No longer will I write—" O Theron fair,"
Or praise Apollodotus' golden hair.
Those fires now are dead. Let goatherds choose
The coarser loves that their own cattle use.
I sing the tender joys that maids bestow
And softer charms than men's gross bodies know.

A.P. xii. 41.

Valete Libri.

The die is cast : come quick, the bright torch take ;
I've worked at books too long.

Learning and love will never marriage make ;
I'll join the revel throng.

“ Oh, foolish heart, would'st drown thy cares in wine
And waste thy studies' pain ?

Where now the wisdom thou dost hold divine ?
Shall all that toil be vain ? ”

Nay, chide me not. I can no longer stay.

Up with the torches' light !

Not Zeus himself for all his pride, men say,
Could overcome Love's might.

A.P. xii. 117.

A Drinking Song.

Come, fill the flowing bowl
And drive love's cares away ;
The fires that vex your soul
Cool wine will soon allay.
Good liquor makes a cheerful heart,
You'll soon forget the pain and smart.

A.P. xii. 49.

To Bacchus.

Bacchus, by thyself, I swear,
 Lead me 'neath thy revels' rule,
All thy fury I will bear,
 Thou a god my heart control :
Born of fire thou dost approve
Those fierce fires that spring from love.

Ah, a traitor art thou still,
Faithless to thy suppliant meek !
Thou hast bent me to thy will,
 And a further offering seek :
Bid thy mysteries to conceal,
And mine own wilt now reveal.

A.P. xii. 119.

The Bird of Dawn.

Cock that crows before the dawn,
 Messenger of grief to me,
Screeching in the darkness wan,
 Thrice accursed be.

Short the hours of love, but you
 Proudly clap your wings again ;
Care not, miscreant, what you do,
 Mocking at my pain.

This your thanks for all my care,
 Baleful sounds abroad to cast ;
By the shades of night, beware,
 This shall be your last.

A.P. xii. 137.

Timarion.

Love, when flying through the skies,
Passed before Timarion's eyes ;
Now he ne'er can fly away,
Forced a captive there to stay.

A.P. xii. 113.

Timarion.

Proud Diodorus vanquished lies
Captured by Timarion's eyes.
Their proud radiance dimmed the light
That dazzled once his comrades' sight.
And now he feels Love's cruel dart
So sweet, so bitter to the heart.
Behold a portent strange and true,
A fire burned by fire anew.

A.P. xii. 109.

Timarion.

Your eyes light up all eyes,
Your lips all lips allure,
One glance enslaves the wise,
One touch makes triumph sure

A.P. v. 96.

Sthenelais.

She sets the town ablaze ;
 Each eager gallant flies,
His hard-won treasure pays
 And " Sthenelais " cries ;
Nor recks the price if he may take
The girl who soon his life will break.

Ah happier I than they !
 No gold of mine she took,
But with me all night lay
 Until the morning broke.
The dream-god brought her to my side
In all the pomp of naked pride.

Yes, then in sleep revealed
 She gave me joys unbought,
My bed did pleasures yield
 Which prayers in vain besought.
Vainly do lovers moan and sigh—
A dream can heal their agony.

Broken Vows.

The house was still, our lamp burned bright,
We two and none else nigh.
The lamp alone might know our troth
And night's sweet mystery.

He vowed to love me true ; I vowed
Never to part again.
Thou sacred Night and thou dear Lamp
Were for us witness twain.

But now he says our vows are dead,
Swept by the changing tide ;
This eve will see my own false love
Sleep by another's side.

A.P. v. 8.

Cydilla.

Though in Cydilla's arms I lie,
I have no rest from misery.
Like gamblers wild who throw the dice,
Or those who walk a precipice,
So filled am I with anxious pain
At morn and when night comes again.
Yet what avails to sigh and moan ?
Bold Cupid claims me for his own ;
And though he hale me everywhere
Not e'en in dreams will think of fear.

A.P. v. 25.

Love's Torture.

O cruel Love, how fierce the fire
That burns my fluttering heart ;
Burn not too often, lest desire
A runaway depart.

A.P. v. 57.

Tryphera.

By Love's great Queen who rides the ocean swell,
My Bella's beauty makes her beauty's belle.

A.P. v. 154.

Asclepias.

Your eyes, Asclepias, have the pride
Of waves in summer weather,
Alluring all men to your side
To sail Love's sea together.

A.P. v. 156.

Demo.

Her cheek's a lily newly blown,
Her brow like marble white ;
And he who has not Demo known
Will never know delight.
Oh, pale-faced maid, dost thou still yearn
For Zion far away ?
E'en in that Temple Love's fires burn
On great Jehovah's day.

A.P. v. 160.

Early Dawn.

O cruel dawn, how swift your beams
To vex a lover's rest ;
I've slept but for an hour it seems
Warm on my Demo's breast.

Others find joy in morning's light
While I in anguish grieve ;
O turn again your hasty flight
And come as star of eve.

O turn again, as long ago
You learned your steps to trace,
When Zeus commanded—" Backward go,
Nor see Alcmena's face."

A.P. v. 172.

Dawn.

When in my arms I held her clasped
Too short the night would seem,
Too soon upon us then was cast
The sun's malicious beam.

O cruel dawn, so slow to rise,
That once too quickly shone !
Now with another Demo lies
And I am left alone.

A.P. v. 173.

Discovery.

I know you, wanton ; prayers will not avail ;
Those scented locks tell all too plain a tale,
Your eyes with watching red, those perfumes wet,
That garland still upon your tresses set.
See how your curls in wild confusion twine,
How all your limbs are still bemused with wine.
Go, common wench, whither the loud harps call
And castanets from clattering fingers fall.

A.P. v. 175.

The Message.

Take my message, Dorcas, pray ;
Once and twice and three times say
All that's in it : do not stay,
Hasten, Dorcas, haste away.

Nay a moment, Dorcas, wait :
Why so quick to close the gate ?
Let me all my tale relate.

Add to what you just have read :—
Nay, I'm going off my head—
Tell her nothing. Or instead
Tell her, Dorcas, all I've said.

Tell her all : be sure you do—
Yet what need have I of you ?
I myself am coming too.

A.P. v. 182.

The Wanton.

I know the truth. All false the oaths you swore.
Never shall lying lips deceive me more.
O perjured wanton, this your quiet sleep
And these the lonely vigils that you keep !
Has your fair Cleon ?—Ah, but threats are vain :
Begone, base creature, nor return again ;
But no : that were indeed your game to play ;
You'd fly to meet him. Here a prisoner stay.

A.P. v. 184.

Disillusion.

Go, Dorcas, go, and to Lycaenis say,
“ He knows you now, beware :
Hope not again feigned kisses will betray ;
Time shows how false they are.”

A.P. v. 187.

To Scylla.

Love's cruel waves and Riot's boisterous sea
And Passion's restless winds encompass me.
I know not where I go ; my storm-tossed soul
Leaves my life's ship without its helm's control.
Perchance like that famed mariner of yore
The Scylla whom I fled will capture me once more.

A.P. v. 190.

The Offering.

Dear moon that on true lovers shine,
And thou my faithful mandoline,
Ye stars with radiance bright,
 And thou, dear night,

Shall I this eve my wanton see
As once upon the couch with me,
When 'neath the lamp's clear ray
 We sleepless lay ?

But if another shares her bed
I'll come with suppliant wreaths instead,
Which at her doorway set
 With tears I'll wet.

And these the words I'll write above—
“ From Meleager, priest of love,
These shall an offering be,
 Cypris, to thee.”

A.P. v. 191.

To Callistion.

The Syracusans have a sign
That can a double purpose play ;
And now I call Callistion mine
I wish that we were free as they.
For though I sing her curving lips
Often I really mean her hips.

A.P. v. 192.

Love's Votary.

By Timo's wealth of ringlets
 In lover's true knots drest,
By Demo's fragrant perfumes
 And sleep-beguiling breast,

By Ilias' sportive fancies,
 And by my lamp's dim light—
The lamp that's seen the revels
 Of many a vigil night—

Upon my lips my spirit faints,
 But while I breathe and live
All that to me of life remains
 To thee, great Love, I give.

A.P. v. 196.

The Catalogue.

By Heliodora's sandal,
By Demo's tresses bright,
By Anticleas' smiling lips
 And eyes of orbèd light,

By dear Timarion's doorway
Fragrant with scented dew,
By Dorothea's garlands
 Blooming and ever new,

I swear that Love on me has tried
The sting of every dart :
Empty his quiver : all his shafts
 Are buried in my heart.

A.P. v. 198.

Love's Spell.

The sound of Love still rings within my ears,
Still from my eyes in silence flow sweet tears,
Nor night nor day can give my anguish rest ;
Love charms have fixed one thought within my breast.
O wingèd fancies, are your wings in vain,
Have you no strength to fly from me again ?

A.P. v. 212.

Misericordia.

Have mercy, Love, and lull my sleepless pain,
Nor leave my Muse's voice to cry in vain.
To-day they bow, forgetting other hearts,
On me alone pours all its wingèd darts.
Even if you kill me, on my tomb you'll see
This epitaph—" Slain by Love's cruelty."

A.P. v. 215.

The Lover's Appeal.

Have done : enough : for mercy now I cry :
My neck's beneath thy feet, proud enemy.
I know thee now ; 'tis hard 'gainst thee to fight,
Even the gods above have learned thy might.
Fire wings thy shafts, full well I know the pain,
And never shall they sear my heart again.
E'en though the brand be cast, naught's left unburned
My heart to dust and ashes dry has turned.

A.P. xii. 48.

The Trap.

Did I not tell thee, O my heart,
Did I not warn thee : " Choose thy part ;
For thee is set the snare,
Poor Amoret beware."

Lo ! now the trap has caught your wing
And stayed its busy fluttering ;
Gasping you cry for breath,
Love's prisoner till death.

Athirst you cry, and cry in vain ;
Tears, burning tears, must ease your pain,
Swooning in scented fire,
Consumed by Love's desire.

A.P. xii. 132.

Love's Wages.

O suffering soul whom now fierce fire burns,
And now again life's cooling breath returns.

Why weep ! Did'st think that he could let thee rest,
That love whom once thou nurtured on thy breast ?

Did'st thou not know that thus he pays the price
Of all thy care—with fire and freezing ice ?

The choice was thine, and this thy work's due wage,
These honeyed fires that none can e'er assuage.

A.P. xii. 132.

Love's Fire.

“ O cruel, cruel Love.” Yet why
Should hapless lovers sob and sigh ?
The lad grows strong as you revile
And greets each menace with a smile.
Our Lady rose once from the grey green main,
Her child, oh wonder, burns in every vein.

A.P. v. 176.

Love the Dice Player.

Upon his mother's breast
I saw young Cupid play.
He would not let her rest
Though yet 'twas scarcely day.
He shakes the dice : my life the stake :
Nor cares he if my heart should break.

A.P. xii. 47.

Love's Lineage.

What wonder is't if Love, the bane of man,
Has weapons three to work his cruel plan.
The mother from whose womb he came to life
Was bride of Fire, and paramour of Strife,
Herself fierce Ocean's child, lashed by the breeze,
Without a father rising from the seas.
And so from husband, lover, and grand-dame
Her son's rough laugh, bold eyes, red arrows came.
Thalatta's temper his, Hephæstus' fire
And shafts of Ares stained with blood and mire.

A.P. v. 180.

Love's Punishment.

I'll burn your bow, bold lad : by Love I swear
Your quiver too with all its Scythian gear.

I will indeed, though now you sneer and cry ;
That empty laugh shall soon be turned awry.

I'll break your pinions winged with passion fleet,
And fasten brazen fetters on your feet.

But yet methinks a doubtful prize I win,
To let a wolf my fenced heart steal within.

Nay you are victor. Quick, your sandals take
And fly away some other heart to break.

A.P. v. 179.

Love for Sale.

To market with him—though he sleep
Upon his mother's breast.

To market with him : I'll not keep
So insolent a pest.

Glib, unabashed, swift glancing, wild,
A monster void of shame ;
His mother even fears her child
As one she cannot tame.

Sly-faced is he, with wings close pressed
And nails that scratch and smart ;
While tears fall fast in grief distressed
A smile his lips will part.

So quick to market send him down,
To see if one will buy.

Is any merchant leaving town ?
Let him come here and try.

But no, I cannot sell him. See,
He begs with tears all wet.

Be not afraid : you'll stay with me
And be my Zeno's pet.

Hue and Cry for Love.

My Love has gone astray,
 This very morn he left me.
The wild lad flew away,
 Of sleep bereft me.

His back two wings uprears,
 His hand a quiver peerless,
Sly smiles he sends, soft tears ;
 Glib, swift and fearless.

You ask whose son is he,
 I cannot guess it even ;
None owns him, neither sea
 Nor earth nor heaven.

All hate him : even now
 Beware the ways he's going.
He's snaring hearts, I trow,
 For men's undoing.

Hist ! there in archer's guise
 I see him taking cover.
He hides in Zeno's eyes :
 My search is over.

The Gnat.

Fly swift, dear gnat, this message give
To my sweet Zeno's ear,
And whisper soft when you arrive
So that she only hear—

“ He waits you sleepless, while you lie
Forgetful of his love ”—
Go quick, dear minstrel, onward fly
And wing your path above.

But murmur low and do not wake
The sleeper by her side,
Lest on my head to-morrow break
His anger's jealous tide.

And if you bring her, yours shall be
The lion's skin for wear,
And in your hand that knotted tree
Which Hercules doth bear.

A.P. v. 152.

The Triple Crown.

Soft is her voice, persuasion in it speaks ;
Cupid himself sent roses for her cheeks ;
Love decked the couch wherein she now is laid.
Happy, thrice happy maid.

A.P. v. 196.

Carnation, Lily, Rose.

Three fairies made three posies
To match my Zeno's face—
White lilies, blushing roses,
And safran's golden grace.

Her cheeks the rose enrapture,
Her breasts the lily fire,
Her lips from safran capture
The sweetness of desire.

A.P. v. 195.

The Sleeping Mistress.

Asleep, my Zeno ! With what wanton grace
The damask blooms upon that smiling face.
A wingless dream might I those eyelids close
And near inhale the fragrance of that rose.
Not e'en the sleep that charms the gods above
Should come between us then to mar our love.
But in enfolding arms securely pressed
Alone I'd lull my darling to her rest.

A.P. v. 174.

The Cup.

My tankard has a fragrance sweet
And smiles as though in glee,
Boasting that it has touched the lips
Of dear Zenophilê.

Ah, happy cup ! that to my mouth
Her lips would press to-day,
In one long breath allay Love's thirst
And drink my soul away.

A.P. v. 171.

Mosquitoes.

Buzzing gnats, relentless beasts,
 Winged creatures of the night,
Draw men's blood to make your feasts,
 But give her a brief respite.
You may eat my flesh away
If you spare Zenophila.

Yet what use with prayers to sue
 Things that every man annoy ?
Even monsters fierce as you
 Find that soft warm flesh a joy.
Cease your pranks—I warn you. Fly,
Or learn the strength of jealousy.

A.P. v. 151.

Zeno's Portrait.

Dear friend, who first did show to me
My Zeno's smiling face,
More gracious than the graces three,
Herself the world of grace.
Of all the gifts you could bestow,
This one the rest surpassed—
To thee a debt of thanks I owe
So long as life shall last.

A.P. v. 149.

Spring and Love.

Now the white violets bloom, and now
 The bluebells drink the rain,
And straying o'er the mountains' brow
 The lilies flower again.
Spring perfumes sweet men's hearts enthrall,
But Zeno's sweeter far than all.

In vain ye smile, O meadows gay !
 The allurements of the rose
Outshines the blossoms ye display—
 Her beauty warmer glows.
Lovers must choose my Zeno fair,
The rose of love beyond compare.

A.P. v. 144.

Fairy Gifts.

Three charms the fairies to my Zeno gave,
And said—" With these Love's empire thou shalt have."

A.P. v. 140.

To Zeno Singing.

Dear Pan of Arcady,
Hark to the melody
That fills the air :
Sweetly she strikes the strings,
Sweetly my Zeno sings :
O concord fair.

Ah! whither can I fly,
If e'er to escape I try,
In respite brief.
The Loves around me press,
And soon in weariness
I beg relief.

Is it perchance her face,
Her learning or her grace,
I most desire ?
I know not what I say—
All hold me 'neath their sway—
I burn with fire.

The Morning Star.

Hail and farewell, bright star,
Glad harbinger of morn,
Thou leavest me forlorn,
O cruel morning star.

As light of eve return,
And through the darkness guide
My darling to my side,
Let her to me return.

A.P. xii. 114

Love's Prisoner.

Full well I know the grief and smart
That has and will be mine ;
Not vain your warning, O poor heart,
But still with love I pine.

“ From Heliadora fly ”—But how ?
I have nor strength nor shame.
The very thoughts that warn me glow
Enraptured at her name.

A.P. v. 24.

The Garland.

Blend with the wine the glad refrain,
Our Heliodora's name.

Uplift the cry again, again ;
Our toast is still the same.

O dear memorials of the past,
O rapture all too sweet to last.

Bring me the flowers that yester eve
Upon her brows were set.

Look how the roses seem to grieve
With perfumed fragrance wet.

They know that she is far away
Who then upon my bosom lay.

A.P. v. 136.

The Toast.

Pour out and pour and pour again
And "Heliadora" cry.

Let that dear word be the refrain
As fast the wine cups fly.

Three spirits fair, in her combined,
Have come from heaven above ;
And we in her one body find
Allurement, Grace, and Love.

A.P. v. 137.

Heliadora.

My Heliadora gone ! What enemy
So fierce to thwart love's will !
Quick, lights for rescue. Hark, a knock.' Tis she—
Poor fluttering heart be still.

A.P. xii. 147.

Heliadora.

Sweet are the notes of Phœbus' lyre ;
But by great Love I swear
Far sweeter Heliadora's voice
When soft it strikes my ear.

A.P. v. 141.

Heliodora.

The garland that her brow entwines
Will lose its brilliancy ;
But Heliodora brighter shines,
The rose of roses she.

A.P. v. 143.

The Irish Rose.

I've said it before,
And they'll say it again,
My love's lip's the sweetest
You ever have seen.

You'd perhaps like to know,
Helydora's her name ;
She's a fairy who puts
E'en the fairies to shame.

A.P. v. 148.

The Dark-eyed Colleen.

My Hely's soft fingers,
The touch of them lingers ;
But her nails they are stingers,
 I still feel the smart.
Sure Cupid must teach ye
The way how to reach me ;
Go soft, I beseech ye,
 You're touching my heart.

A.P. v. 157.

The Bee.

O rose fed bee, why hast thou come,
When flowers thy presence seek,
And dare to touch the fragrant bloom
Of Helidora's cheek ?

Is this thy message : that Love's sting,
So bitter to the heart,
Has yet within it some sweet thing
That takes away the smart ?

O little friend, thy word is vain ;
Ah yes, tis vain I trow.
Quick backward fly nor waste thy pain :
Too well that truth I know.

A.P. v. 163.

Endymion.

O Night divine, mother of all things fair,
Thou that dost know Love's revels—hear my prayer,
When Heliadora's arms that cozen sleep
In her warm couch their willing prisoner keep,
Do thou put out the light, while on her breast
Rocked like Endymion by a goddess' side I rest.

A.P. v. 165.

Love's Tennis.

Love and Desire play the set,
My heart's the flying ball.

To Heliadora, cross the net,
They send it, rise and fall.

Be heedful, sweetest ; watch thy art
Nor mock me in my need.

To miss the stroke and lose my heart,
That were a fault indeed.

A.P. v. 214.

Remembrance.

That night, its sleepless hours I'll ne'er forget ;
On Heliadora all my thoughts are set.
My eyes still feel the smart of those glad tears
When each gray morn with slanting beams appears.
Ah does she too, I wonder, think of me
And cherish yet our love's dear memory,
To my cold picture give her kisses warm,
And as she sleeps with tears bedew her arm ;
In dreams upon her heart me close embrace,
Deluded by the phantom of my face ?
Or can it be that with new fire she burns,
To some new love her fancy lightly turns ?
Such sights, dear lamp, I pray thou never see,
I left her safely, keep her safe for me.

A.P. v. 166.

The Falling Wreath.

The violet white I'll twine,
I'll twine the laughing lilies,
And safran sweet combine
With languorous daffodillies.

The hyacinth's crimson crest
I'll twine with myrtle posies,
And then 'mid all the rest
I'll twine true lovers' roses.

That so my falling wreath
For Heliodora fair
May match with perfumed breath
The fragrance of her hair.

A.P. v. 147.

Cordis Signum.

Open my heart and you will find
My Heliodora's name.
Soul of my soul, dear inmost mind ;
Two made by Love the same.

A.P. v. 155.

III.

COS

POEMS OF AGE

Heliodora's Grave.

My Heliodora, in the earth beneath,
Tears still to thee I send ;

Poor relics of my heart, a gift to Death,
From Love that knows no end.

With tender offerings to thy grave I come ;
My tears libation make ;

My longing eyes gaze fondly on thy tomb,
For our dear love's dear sake.

Useless my gifts, my anguish, and my pain ;
In death thou dost abide.

Thy Meleager cries, and cries in vain,
By that dark river side.

Ah me, ah me ! where's now the cherished flower,
That His fierce fingers crushed ?

The blossom scarce had reached perfection's hour ;
He cast it to the dust.

Kind earth, all mother, on my knees I pray,
Guard her whom still I weep ;

Her gentle body on thy bosom lay,
And let her softly sleep.

Love's Immortality.

What though thy pinions flutter fast,
Thy bow its Scythian arrows cast !
I shall escape from thee in death,
Nor wings nor bow can pass beneath.
And yet 'gainst thee will even death avail ?
Does not death's lord before love's spirit quail ?

A.P. xvi. 213.

Amor Triplex.

Three are the Graces, three the Seasons sweet,
And three the Loves that in my bosom meet.
Young Cupid drew three shafts to mar my rest
As though I kept three hearts within my breast !

A.P. ix. 16.

Love's Fires.

Love's wound was healed :

His flame in darkness sunken low ;

But now, again, the ashes glow,
Their fire revealed.

Poor, foolish breast—

Nay, nay, to God, to God I cry,

O let those slumbering embers lie—

Break not their rest.

Hast thou forgot ?

A runaway, wilt thou return

For love with tortures fierce to burn ?

He'll spare thee not.

A.P. xii. 80.

The Beacon Light.

Not with sharp arrows nor with torches' flame,
As once he came ;
His mother's fragrance, her alluring art,
Love tries now on my heart.
He lifts before my eyes one tiny ray,
And melts my soul away.
But ah, dear Phanion, soon that gentle light
Will blaze in fury might.

A.P. xii. 83.

Phanion.

To fly from Love I tried,
But when I sought to hide,
 Quickly he found me.
From out the ashes gray
Shot forth his torch's ray
 And shone around me.

No shafts at me he sent,
But with his two hands bent
 And fingers curving,
Unseen the torch he broke,
A spark of fire took,
 And thrust unswerving.

Now from that tiny flame
Which to my bosom came
 A fire has kindled.
Thou, Phanion, art the light
That cheers my winter's night
 With joy unmingled.

A Message.

Ye light winged barques that Helle's passage sail,
Your bosoms swelling to the northern gale,
If in your course the Coan shore you reach
And see my Phanion gazing from the beach,
Tell my sweet darling that by land I come
And soon my love will bring me dry foot home.
Oh take my message quick, and as you go
May every favouring breeze your canvas blow.

A.P. xii. 53.

Phanion.

If beauty falls away,
 Then, 'ere it fade,
 Give me my part.
If constant it doth stay,
 Why be afraid
 To yield, sweetheart ?

A.P. xii. 235.

The Pet Hare.

Torn from my mother's breast
I came to Phanion's arm,
And quick forgot my dam
Upon that bosom warm.
A flying hare I quiet lay,
And flicked my ears in frolic play.

My soft-cheeked mistress called
The sweetest flowers of spring,
Fat and more fat I grew
With each day's offering.
Until, alas, the feasts she gave
Brought me by surfeit to this grave.

A.P. vii. 207.

The Dead Poet.

Gush forth, ye springs of wine,
Ye founts ambrosial flow,
Ye myrtles drink the tender rain
And evening violets bloom again
To greet the bard below.

Unsought your welcome give,
Unsought the nectar pour,
Some golden girl within his arms,
Wine, dance and song with her soft charms,
Shall lighten death's dark hour.

A.P. vii. 31.

The Victim.

The suppliant bull roars loud to Zeus for grace,
Dragged as a victim to the altar base.
Spare him, great lord, for thou wert such as he
When thou didst bear Europa 'cross the sea.

A.P. ix. 453.

Erinna's Grave.

As bees the honey sip
From every opening flower,
So to Erinna's lip
The Muses set their dower

She wore the poet's crown
Upon her virgin brow,
When Pluto snatched her down
To grace his bed below.

Ah, 'twas a word of truth
That once the wise maid said,
" He knows nor shame nor ruth
Who reigns among the dead."

A.P. vii. 13.

The Dead Bride.

Shrinking in virgin shame,
Her maiden zone unbound,
Fair Clearista came
And death the bridegroom found.

At evening by her bower
The flute's loud music rose,
When welcoming the hour
The noisy portals close.

At dawn her dirge they sang,
The marriage hymn fell mute ;
The mourners' voices rang,
Hushed was the merry flute.

The torch, which flashed its light
Upon the marriage bed,
Lit up for her next night
The road that dead feet tread.

Ne Nimis.

When from the lightning Bacchus came,
All soiled with ash and murky flame,
 The nymphs his limbs did lave.
So now the god their streams desires
And still remembers those old fires
 When kept from their cool wave.

A.P. ix. 331

On a Statue of the boy Praxiteles.

Praxiteles once wrought from Parian stone
Love's body, image of the Cyprian's son.
Now the fair god, turned sculptor men to please,
Sends as his living shape, Praxiteles.
To the one in heaven amidst the blessed throng,
To the other here on earth love's charms belong,
And happy Cos finds in the godlike boy
An Eros new to bear young hearts to joy.

A.P. xii. 56.

On a Child's Tomb.

Hail, kindly mother ; to thy breast
Aisigenes returns to rest.
Lie lightly on him, earth, for he
No heavy burden lay on thee.

A.P. vii. 461.

The Lamp.

The lamp that once thy revels knew,
And saw Love's vigil mystery,
The poet gives, an offering due,
Dear Queen of Love to thee.

A.P. vi. 162.

The Rose.

Fair blooms the rose in all the pride of morn ;
At even withered in the mire forlorn.
Oh learn the lesson of that fragrant dust,
Dear maid, who in your beauty vainly trust.
Roses and rosy cheeks last but a day ;
And jealous time sweeps both to swift decay.

A.P. xii. 234.

The Poet's History.

A foster child of Tyre's fair isle ;
The land that gave me birth
Was where the suns of Syria smile
On Gadara's Attic earth.

From Eucrates there was I bred,
And when the Muse I tried
The Graces of Menippus led
My first steps by their side.

A Syrian ? Yes. What if I be :
You need not wondering stand.
Children of Chaos all are we,
The world our fatherland.

Old was I when I wrote this page,
And soon to pass beneath ;
For he who lives next door to Age
Is drawing near to Death.

An old man I, but full of song ;
So give me greeting, friend :
May you, like Meleager, strong,
Come singing to your end.

A Self Epitaph.

Walk gently, stranger, o'er my grave,
For with the spirits blest
An old man sleeps beside the wave,
In well deservèd rest.

Here Meleager lies, who sang
The tears and joys of love,
And all the charms of graces young
With Muses' fragrance wove.

In Gadara's land I came to birth,
Proud Tyre my manhood chose,
This lovely isle, with her dear earth,
Gave to my age repose.

To all Phœnicians, then—Adieu ;
To Syrians—Salaam ;
To Greeks—Farewell. Dear stranger, you
Give answer back the same

A.P. vii. 419.

The Proem to the Anthology.

*Dear Muse, for whom bringest thou this sheaf of songs,
Tell me to whom this poet's crown belongs.*

My Muse replies—'Tis Meleager's skill
To keep fair Diocles in remembrance still.

Here Anyte's and Moero's lilies meet ;
Sappho sends roses, few, but roses yet.

Spring flowers of Melanippus bloom with these,
And the fresh vine shoots of Simonides.

The scented iris buds from Nossis came,
Her tablets wax all melted by Love's flame.

Rhianus lends the amaranth's perfume ;
Erinna safran sweet as maiden's bloom.

The song-birds' hyacinth Alcæus gives,
And Samius the dark sprayed laurel leaves.

Leonidas his ivy clusters twines
With the sharp foliage of Mnasalcas' pines.

The songs of Pamphilus like plane leaves wide
Have Pancrates' dark walnuts by their side.

Sea poppies, verdant mint, and poplar white,
Euphemus, Tymnes, Nicias unite.

Dark violets Damagetus brings to greet,
Callimachus the myrtle acid-sweet.

Euphorion adds the champion's rosy ease
Spice of the Muses Dioscorides.

*These are the flowers that first the poet took :
Behold the second chaplet of his book.*

From Hegesippus clustering grapes he culls,
And Perses' scented rushes deftly pulls.

From Diotimus takes the quince he hides ;
Menecrates pomegranate flowers provides.

Nicaeretus gives branches of the myrrh,
Phænnus terebinth and Simmias pear.

The parsley, too, that in pure meadows grows,
Parting its tender flowers Parthenis shows.

Bacchylides the bright corn's golden ears
Sprinkles with honey of the Muses' tears.

Anacreon's songs like honeysuckle wild,
His elegies pure nectar undefiled.

The tangled thorn bush with its blossoms grey
Yields for Archilochus the salt sea-spray.

Young olive shoots deck Alexander's head,
Fair Polycleitus water lilies red.

Polystratus the poet's marjoram loves,
Antipater dark Sidon's cypress groves.

As Hermes' gift we know one clear voiced bard—
His is the fragrance of the Syrian nard.

Hedylus and Posidippus add their own
To the wind flowers of Sicel's noblest son.

One golden bough from Plato the divine
Doth in its radiant perfection shine.

Aratus, too, borne up on starry wings,
The first-born tendrils of the high palm brings.

Chaeremon lotus gives with tresses bright,
Antagoras the ox-eyed daisies white.

Phædimus the phlox, Phinias the corn flower blue,
And Theodorus fresh wine-loving rue.

*From others, too, our poet culled fresh leaves,
And with them his white violets interweaves.*

*Let all who love come now and freely take
This mystic garland for the Muses' sake.*

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